

THE HUMMER

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HUMMING HOUSTON.

Houston is the haven of happiness—the home of honest hospitality and the healthy habitation of hustling hummers.

Coming down the years her history is woven with the paths of pioneers—the clearing away of monster forests and the making of homes—the tragedy of war and reconstruction—the rhythms of romance—the life of labor—the bright lights of hope and then the sunshine of a new day, a new prosperity and a new happiness for the BIG JOY of better things to come. The good she has done greatly overshadows the bad and she now holds forth her hands to the glory of the new day—the new inspiration of achievement—the nobler and higher life of helping others as she grows onward and upward in the blessed land of DOING GOOD. Opportunity looks on smiling—ready to weep and weave the brain of her into greater action—ready to advance any amount if she will only show a few ounces of collateral in the present standard of WORK. None of her sons have yet failed who applied will to backbone and smiles to work. So the one great idea that Old Opportunity would like to teach the Houston people is to let him do all the knocking.

The men and women who have gone out from Houston to live in other towns have made fame for themselves and for their old home. Many of them have become important pegs in town, county, state and national affairs. Houston's sons and daughters are known everywhere and have grown so great that they cannot speak with much feeling for the home of their birth. But those who have gone away have not accomplished more than those who stayed at home, for among the people of Houston are those whose thought and action have made life larger and better for home, state and nation.

In every walk of life, Houston is ably represented. Her preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers and business men have made old progress get busy and are yet coaxing the old gentleman into the general betterment of healthier health, wealthier wealth, happier happiness and prosperous prosperity.

Hoping that none will be left out we alphabetically give the following activities of Houston:

ABILITY—Plenty of it in Houston—some of it is exercised and some not.

ACCOMMODATION—Find more accommodating people than Houstonians and take the cake.

ACCOUNTS—Some found in newspapers and others on ledgers. Houston merchants and business men KNOW what war IS and what war DID.

ASSOCIATIONS—Few and far between. Houston needs more get together. Very few belong to the Amalgamated Association of Ancient Ananias.

AUTOMOBILES—Owned by a few—contemplated by several and others resting on their mind. Most of them are paid for! The upkeep is just one jolly blowout after the other. Pass words, Shake, Rattle and Roll. Song, Short Cut to Poverty, Of Thee, I Sing. Heaven on earth until the buzz goes dead.

BABIES—The prettiest, sweetest and cutest live in Houston. Ask any father and mother.

BASE BALL—Houston won the pennants and quit. The fans can speak the language fluently.

BEAUTY—If the world doesn't recognize beauty as it should—we do. Therefore the beauties of Houston win first prize.

BEHAVIOR—The same old even tenor of their way. Sometimes a bass and a soprano get married.

BIBLES—Enjoyed and loved in some homes—at rest in others.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB—In course of construction.

CANDIDATES—Houston is well represented and soon the fireworks begin. Pass words. Settle up.

CHEAP JOHNS—They may live in other towns. Houston knoweth them not.

CHINESE LAUNDRY—Vellie good Washee.

CHURCHES—Baptist, Rev. G. W. Riley, Methodist, Rev. N. G. Augustus, Presbyterian, Rev. Moses.

Inspiring men who lift Houston into the higher and nobler life of the Blessed Master. None better in the state than these.

CLUBS—Bustling preparation—handclasp—delighted to lamp you—punched—choice bits of weather—dessert in oasis—had an awful good time.

CO-OPERATION—Heaps but not enough. Houston MUST GET TOGETHER.

COTTON—The has been of life, hope and death. See Mr. Boll Weevil for obituary.

COURTHOUSE—The pulse of Chickasaw. Under its foot pauper and prince meet on the square.

COWS—Houston needs them. Blooded cattle are already going good here and more are just itching to move Houston. Keep the good work going.

CREAMERY—Needed—needed, Houston is thinking about it.

CROCKS—Houston harbors them not. Other towns and states own those who can stand behind a corkscrew and be out of sight. Generally the other fellow.

DANCING—None hesitate to tango tamale when rhythm strikes the toes.

DEATH—Something done tomorrow that we put off today. Houston still LIVES!

DEEDS—Trust Houston to do the right thing at the right time. Deeds done today make hay tomorrow.

DENTISTS—Tooth carpenters of solid gold caliber. Drs. Blue and Stubblefield the best in Mississippi. Dr. Smith, retired. Painless pullers.

DOCTORS—Drs. J. S. Evans, J. A. Evans, J. R. Williams, E. P. Wilson, Van Philpot and D. S. Johnson, Jr. Morgan Shell Evans has two more years of boning and then Houston will have seven of the best doctors in any town. Favorite song,

Doctor Bill went up the hill
To "physik" Polly Hafter.
Against his will he gave a pill
And the bill kept coming after.

DOUGH—Everybody needs it but the baker and cook and they knead it too. Plible term for spondulix, kale, rocks, wherewith and plunks. In Houston none of it gets stuck on hands too long and generally it is "coming across." Houston has the dough, therefore it is a rising young town. Sometimes though it fails to rise and "flat broke" is the wail. Baking powder, in the form of close ups, makes dough the cold hard cash.

DRESS—Houston is class when it comes to style. The main occupation of those who love to Butterick McCall ladies' Home Journal Pictorial Review multiplicitous miseries is that equatorial transmigration. The prevailing song being, Mary, Mary, where does the waist line go?

DRUG STORES—Tabb Bros., W. B., M. M. and O. H. Tabb, W. B. Tabb, manager—Wilson Drug Co., Dr. E. P. Wilson, manager, and Samuel Sidney Walker, the main works. Both stores are modern in equipment and high class in drug store trade. Neatness, purity and arrangement fix them as the best. A nickle's worth of "settle to the soda fountain" is the best ever clinked or sparkled over a marble top. Their ice cream cone put a panic to the glumps.

DRY GOODS STORES—H. C. Brevard & Co., composed of H. C. Brevard and B. W. Buchanan—Dixie Bargain House, M. Matz, manager, J. B. Paden, Clint Paden, manager, D. D. Tabb, D. W. Tabb, manager.

All of these reliable firms carry the best goods and latest styles that can be bought in New York and Paris.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES—A. J. Harrington, A. D. Harrington, manager, W. A. Harrington & Co., D. M. Hearne, manager, W. R. Davis, W. R. Davis, manager, E. J. Hall, E. J. Hall, manager. Good quality, good prices, good treatment.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS—Houston Water & Light Co. The only power in the world to throw more light on their subjects. When rheumatism affects the poles and wires, then Standard Oil comes back to its own with the old time song of "Lead Kindly Light."

EXEMT—Only the dead.

FARMING—The life of Houston. The Hummer is happy to say that more thought is now given to this all important work. The surrounding lands are ready to GROW when co-operation mixes. Houston territory can grow a "LIVE AT HOME" easily and quickly. The old gag of raising umbrellas, sand and the devil has gone out of style. GROW, EAT AND SELL is now the slogan.

FIGURES—Seen in books and papers and sometimes between you and the sun.

FOLKS—The best in the world live in Houston. Ask any inhabitant.

FOOLS—Misguided people who live in Europe. Houston is not represented.

FORTUNES—Houston health, happiness and hustlers. (Watch The Hummer Next Week)

PUT A CRIMP IN THE BOLL WEEVIL

Yazoo City, June 6.—Two years ago last fall G. M. Manor, merchant and planter of Anding, Miss., in Yazoo county discovered what he believed to be an effective method of disposing of the boll weevil that had proved so disastrous to the cotton crop. It was a mixture consisting principally of coal oil, tar and moth balls saturated and attached to the singletree of the plow, which was dragged over the cotton causing the weevil to fall to the ground where they were plowed under and destroyed.

The formula was publish in these columns and the mixture was used in many sections of the boll weevil district. Mr. Manor used it very effectively on his own plantation during the season of 1913 and made a splendid crop and followed the same method again last season, getting even better results than the year previously, notwithstanding the heavy rains all through August last year.

Following are some of the results of tenants on Mr. Manor's place last year:

Si Davis made 19 bales of cotton on 22 acres.

Jesse Rpiars made 36 bales on about 40 acres of land

William Chambers made 8 bales and Calvin Chambers made 7 bales on the same land that produced about the same as the year before.

On a tract of land that was planted in cotton where no mixture from which 6 bales were raised; Mr. Manor raised 16 bales last year having treated the cotton according to his regular method.

To sum up his experience with the Manor mixture: In 1913 by the use of the mixture he made 47 bale against less than half the amount the year before where no remedy was used. In 1914 by a continued use of the mixture he made 55 bales on the same that only yielded 47 the year before.

While making a successful cotton crop, Mr. Manor raised enough corn to run the place and had two cars to sell.

You Should Open Up Your Wallet.

The following from an exchange contains many timely and sensible suggestions and it could be adopted by every community to good advantage:

"Do you want to see a wave of prosperity strike this community and push everything along in front of it?

Then open your wallet and loosen up!

Don't content yourself with telling the other fellow to do it, but do it yourself.

Imagination plays a mighty big part in our scheme of life, and to a very large extent we have been afflicted in late months with aggravated case of amaginitis.

Some one got out in the street and yelled "hard times" and immediately the cry was taken up and handed from lip to lip until it really began to assume a semblance of truth.

And then everybody commenced to tighten the strings to their purses; pennies and dollars were hoarded and withdrawn from circulation; buying lagged and apprehension lagged abroad.

People imagined we were in the midst of hard times.

The fact that the community held just as much money as ever before was entirely overlooked.

The fact that exports, except the possible exception of cotton in Southern States, was as heavy as before, was also forgotten.

Money continued to come into the community from outside sources, but it was promptly hidden away instead of being placed in circulation by the usual business channels.

Pessimists bark on every corner, calamity howlers were in their element, even sane men commenced to worry.

And all because some man opened his mouth and yelled hard times.

But let's put an end to the farce.

Let's do our fall buying early—let's do much of it now—let's pull our money out of its hiding places and put it to work where it will be of use to ourselves and to the community.

And let's buy our goods from our home merchants—from those who have borne the brunt of the so-called hard times—from people we know and whom we know we can trust.

Let's trot out Old Man Prosperity and give him the front seat and then let's go to work and keep him there. Imagination, has been worked to a frazzle.

Now let's have a dose of common sense and the imaginary malady will soon cease to be. Let's loosen up.